

THE BASKET.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

Whole No. 61.

A CONTRAST.—WHICH?

By EDWIN ARNOLD.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,
And mourneth in the world to come; in both
He grieveth. When he sees fruits of his deeds
To see he will be loath.

The righteous man rejoiceth in this world
And in the world to come; in both he takes
Pleasure. When he shall see the fruits of his works
The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died; glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he hath done, glad to foresee
More good where he shall go.

A HOUSE WHERE MEN DO NOT LAUGH.

We should think it not pleasant to live, fearing every moment of being blown up; not daring to speak loud, to jar anything, for fear of starting an explosion that would send us in an instant to the other world. Yet hundreds of men live in just that state, work, receive pay, and live, year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were: all, that the world may have gunpowder. Those men go about very quietly, and seldom laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the process of making it.

A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up, it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are lightly set on, so that an explosion may affect the roof only. But in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of powder-mills will go off almost instantly, and every vestige of the work of years will be swept away in a few seconds. But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is an interesting process to see. Powder is made of charcoal, salt-petre and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself; but the house where they are mixed is the most terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed. In this bed and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together.

This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed, it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water power, is started, and every man leaves the place. The door is shut, and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped, and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken up into grain, and of course it is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this. They are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots, and put

on rubbers, because one grain of the powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made black with the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted, and an immense groaning and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great noise, but the men are silent, as at the other houses, and one is glad to get out of the house.

The glazing-house comes next. Glazing is done by mixing black lead with the powder, to give it a black and shining look. The powder is put into barrels, which revolve for several hours. That polishes the grains by rubbing together. The black lead is put with them, and they revolve several hours more. Of course the dust flies from all these operations, and the workmen look like very black negroes, and the walls and floors are all black. Often, the powder revolving so rapidly in the barrels, gets very hot, and is also a dangerous operation.

The stove-house is the next on the list, and the powder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing house, and is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters.

Having safely passed all these houses, it goes to the store-house, and one feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away.

You've heard of things being dry as a powder-house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. The roof is one big tank, kept full of water. Instead of steps to enter, there are shallow tanks of water, through which all must walk to the door.

In none of these powder-houses is any light ever allowed except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look, and makes one think every moment of danger, and glad to get away.

Though curiosity take a man once to visit a powder-mill, he has no desire to go a second time; and he feels all the rest of his life, that for once he has been very near to death.

It is said that, owing to unwise marriages, there have been 325,716 divorces granted in this country within the last twenty years, affecting 800,000 children! Sad.

An Ohio minister, (says the Western Ch. Advocate.) at the close of some remarks in his own church, said, "We will now hear from our colored brother." The visitor addressed, before entering upon his subject, said, "My brother is mistaken. I am not colored. I was born black."

One third of the smart people of the country think that they can beat the lawyer in expounding law; one half think they can beat the doctor healing the sick; two-thirds think they can beat the minister preaching the gospel, and all know that they can beat the editor in running a newspaper.

It is said that if Roses are dipped in gum arabic water two or three times, allowing time between each dip to dry, they will retain their beauty for a long time, as they are thus rendered impervious to the air.

Strong carbolic acid is said to be sure death to bed-bugs. It is also one of the very best disinfectants. A bottle should be kept on hand—outside of the reach of children—and a few drops occasionally put down the sink drain and in stop-jars.

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HADDONFIELD, N. J., FEB. 28, 1890.

Borough Commissioners meet in the Town Hall on the 1st Wednesday evening in each month. Visitors admitted.

Another one of the old and respected residents of Haddonfield passed away last week—John Haines, in the 85th year of his age. He died suddenly and peacefully, whilst sitting in his chair, supposed to be from heart failure. The funeral was largely attended at the residence of his son, Geo. T. Haines, in Haddonfield, after which the remains were removed to Moorestown for interment.

Samuel Tule, some years ago a resident of Haddonfield, but later of Toledo, O. no, died on the 24th inst., and his body was brought to Haddonfield and buried in the Methodist cemetery on Wednesday last.

We owe an explanation as to circulars we sent to some persons respecting what is called "Heroes of the Dark Continent, and how Stanley found Emin Pasha." There will be a great deal of Stanley in the book, but it should not have been named as the "Only Genuine Stanley Book." We were deceived by the advertisements and circulars sent us, which contained these words. It will be a grand book, and fully worth all the money asked for it, but we now understand that there will be very little or no authorized matter from Stanley himself in this book in regard to his last explorations in Africa. Such a book may come out sometime in the future, but "the time of publication is not yet known."

Julia Lippincott (formerly Culnan,) who is charged with sundry forgeries of her husband's and other names by which she obtained various sums of money from different persons, was, some years ago, an immediate neighbor of ours. She was then, as also Mary Drane, (now Mary Haines,) living with their uncle and aunt, David Scattergood and wife. Mary married a Mr. Haines, who died some years ago; and she is one of Julia's victims. Mr. Scattergood died, and then his widow went to Atlantic City, taking Julia with her, and took and run the Haddon House, a resort mostly for friends, and Julia married Mr. Lippincott, she having failed to make a conquest while in Haddonfield, though it was currently reported that one gentleman came near being a victim. She is rather of a masculine stamp, and deliberate in conversation, but emphatic. A warrant is out for her arrest, but she suddenly left her home in Haddonfield, passing through Haddonfield, and appears to be hiding somewhere. She is a shrewd, sharp business woman, and the wonder is, what has become of the money she thus obtained. Banks, brokers, business men, women, and even poor work people, who had saved some of their hard earnings, have suffered by her. On the death of Mrs. Scattergood, it is asserted that she left each of these girls \$30,000. Her lawyer knows, but declines to tell what part of the country she is in.

Lovett's Guide to Horticulture for Spring, 1890. A book of valuable and reliable information about small fruits, as well as apples, peaches, pears, plums, also various kinds of nuts, vegetables and flowers. J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J., publisher.

Some people complain that we have no amusements in Haddonfield—why, we had a dancing hall on our streets on Tuesday, affording great amusement!

The poles are up and wires stretched upon them for the Electric Lights, and the prospect now is that soon will our "lights be shining" and darkness flee away—at least in the most prominent parts of our town. So make it be. It is thought by many persons that the arctic light proposed to be put in front of the Jersey Building would be more serviceable at the corner of Mechanic st., as it would then, in addition to lighting Main st., also light Mechanic and Ellis st., for a considerable distance. This seems like a reasonable and proper suggestion.

Rev. Mr. Mayhew, of Collings wood, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sunday, and preached both morning and evening, very acceptably, so far as we can learn. He had exchanged with Rev. Mr. Cline.

The Philadelphia Record recently had nearly four full pages, in small type, of names of applicants to sell liquor in Philadelphia, either at wholesale or retail.

The 54th annual session of Methodist E. Church for Southern New Jersey, will be held at Millville, N. J., beginning on the 12th of March.

The Purcell-Kniffin case came to an end on the 13th inst., at Trenton, the grand jury failing to find any indictments against them for the murder of Mrs. Kniffin, and the bondsmen were released, and the prisoners discharged. A case "not proved." Now, then, who did it?

Arazona has had a calamity similar to that of Johnstown—the bursting of a dam, with loss of many lives, and the destruction of much property.

In an attempt to raise the large roof of the over-house at Broad street and Montgomery avenue, Philadelphia, on Friday last, so as to add another story, after getting up a few feet, it fell with a great crash, and a number of men were seriously hurt.

Historical Sketch of Haddonfield, by Judge John Clement, for sale at the office of the Basket; very interesting. Price 10cts.

THE Dark Continent:

Heroes of the Dark Continent, published by Hunt & Eaton, New York, will be one of the grandest books of the kind ever published. It will contain nearly 500 Engravings, some of which will be colored. The price is very low for such a book, being from 3 to 5 dollars, according to the style of binding, and containing 60 large pages, elegantly printed. STANLEY is said to be now at Cairo, Egypt, and will leave there for London, England, about March 1.

*** We are taking ORDERS for this work.

The American Agriculturist.

The American Agriculturist, published by the Orange Judd Co., New York, is one of the oldest, largest, and most substantial works of the kind, illustrated with many fine Engravings.

We are authorized to act as Agent for it, and will take Orders for it at the regular price, \$3.66, and throw in a four volume Cyclo-pedia, gratis. Or, in clubs of 10 or more, at only One Dollar a year.

Ink,

BLACK, of a superior quality, made and sold at this office, at 7 and 10 cts. for small bottles; pint 30 and quarts 50 cts. Larger quantities as agreed upon. Does not corrupt the pen, or get thick or sticky. Free from sediment; suitable for all pens, including fountain. Also, a very fine and brilliant RED INK.

DIED.

In Haddonfield, Feb. 12, AMY POWELL WILMOT, daughter of Wm. T., Sr., and Lucy Ann Wilmot.

In Haddonfield, Feb. 15, JOHN HAINES, suddenly, in the 85th year of his age.

In Haddonfield, Feb. 24th, MARTHA M. FORTINER, widow of the late Daniel Fortiner, aged 61 years.